Mr J Charlesworth
Complete

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

A Monthly Unitarian Journal.

DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS, MORAL, AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

With an Eight Page Supplement of "RECORD OF UNITARIAN WORTHIES."

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Notes of the Month.

HOME AND ABROAD.

THE French Unitarians are now on the verge of a great crisis—that of being excluded from the French national Protestant Church.

MISS CARPENTER.—The Government Report on India pays a high tribute to Miss Carpenter for her interest and labours to improve female education in India.

ACCESSIONS TO THE UNITARIAN MINISTRY.—During the year 1874 five gentlemen, who have occupied ministerial positions in Trinitarian churches, have joined the Unitarian ministry.

UNITARIAN NEWSPAPERS.—Every family ought to have weekly its religious paper. Our weekly papers are the *Inquirer*, at fivepence, and the *Unitarian Herald*, at one penny. Can be had of all newsagents.

A SINGULAR FACT.—At a recent Unitarian meeting held at Lynn, the Rev. A. Gordon remarked that out of seven ministers and two divinity students on the platform, he was the only one who had been educated as a Unitarian—the only son of the soil.

THE UNITARIAN ALMANAC for 1875 contains the names of 275 ministers in active service among Unitarian churches. This useful little book, full of information, ought to be in every Unitarian family. It is published by Mr. Phillips, of 74, Market-street, Manchester.

UNITARIAN HYMN WRITERS.—We are authorised to state that in a few weeks will be published Dr. Putnam's sketches of Unitarian hymn writers of the western continent. A similar work is in hand by a lady in England, on the Unitarian hymn writers of the eastern part of the world.

A STATESMAN ON STATE CHURCHES.—Castelar says: "The State cannot destroy and cannot create a religion. Moses and not Pharoah created the religion of the Father; Christ and not Tiberius that of the Son; Luther and not Charles V., that of the Spirit."

THE UNITARIAN POSITION.—The Rev. William Gaskell says that never during the course of his ministry has he seen among Unitarians such signs of growing vigour as were to be seen at the present time. He believed that the triumphant march of Unitarianism was just beginning.

ENCOURAGING HUMBLE UNITARIAN SOCIETIES.—The Rev. H. W. Crosskey said the other day that the assembling of a few simple-hearted worshippers, whose only trust was in God, was more glorious than though they were possessed of the pomp and paraphernalia of the national religion.

EVERLASTING PUNISHMENT.—The Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, of Liverpool, one of the most influential Baptist ministers in England, has announced his rejection of the doctrine of everlasting punishment. The marvel is that every minister who professes to believe the Gospel to be glad tidings of great joy to all people does not go and do likewise.

BARON HOLTZENDORFF, the distinguished jurist who had the defence of Count Arnim committed to him, was entertained two years ago at a public breakfast in London by the British and Foreign Unitarian Association. He then said that the future of Christianity would be to a large extent guided by Unitarian theology, and that Unitarians ought now to feel the grandeur of their mission.

THE TROUBLED WATERS.—Mr. Spurgeon writes in the *Sword and Trowel*: "Some of us would almost as soon be identified with the Church of England as with the Congregational Union, now that its members allow the grossest errors to be vented in its assemblies almost without protest." The reference is especially to Mr. Dale's speech about the destruction of the wicked; but Mr. Spurgeon does not allude to the fact that several members of the Baptist Union—Mr. Dobney, Mr. James Miall, Mr. Arthur Mursell, and others—have also publicly intimated their acceptance of the theory which is approved by Mr. Dale.

UNIVERSALIST TENDENCIES. — Rev. I. M. Attwood's toast at one of the Universalist gatherings in Boston is going the rounds of the newspapers: "Our fellow workmen of all churches; they do not raise our flag, but they haul down the flag of our emeny."

THE VICARIOUS THEORY. — Not many who even sympathise with the habit of putting all their sins to the account of Christ would claim fellowship with a vagabond who has been going about recently in different parts of England, living at first-class hotels, and then leaving, without paying his bill, the following lines on the table of his room:—

"I own then my weakness,
My evil behaviour;
And leave, oh, with meekness,
My sins to my Saviour."

THE POPE. — One hundred years ago Lord Chesterfield wrote to his son:—"*The Pope is an old cheat.*" If he had lived in this age he might have repeated his words. He is now exciting pity by saying he is in prison. Mrs. Howitt treats "The Pope's Prison" with good-natured ridicule in the *Leisure Hour*. She says that while His Holiness, at perfect liberty to go wherever he pleases, is living in a luxuriant palace, with spacious gardens, visiting his aviaries, and attended elsewhere by his favourite black cat, he alludes so plaintively to his confinement that it occasions great sorrow among the ignorant faithful. "At Antwerp, one Sunday, a preacher, having painted in most vivid colours the maltreatment, the sufferings, the imprisonment of the head of the Church, cried out, 'How is it possible to deny all this, when here is the straw on which lies in chains the Holy Father?' At these words the whole congregation burst into sobbing and weeping, and, rushing forward to the priest, secured for themselves little bundles of the straw, which he sold at half a franc a bundle. Almost all the parish priests sell these, and it is said that half of the money goes to the Vatican. But this is not all. At Ghent they sell photographs in which is represented the Pope, in chains, looking out from between strong iron bars from a little dismal cell, a *bersagliere* standing guard over him with his musket. This photograph, the priests say, was taken from the life, therefore it cannot be false, and there is shown the Holy Father suffering in one of the most horrid dungeons of Rome. These photographs are sold to the members of the Catholic Association at half a franc each, and to other people at one franc and a-half. The half of this money goes to St. Peter's. They sell thousands of copies. The one I procured bears the number 45,343 of the ninth series."

DISRAELI AND EMERSON. — Curious enough these two distinguished men who were the candidates for the Rectorship of Glasgow University a month ago were both trained in Unitarian schools. Disraeli attended two Unitarian schools; and Emerson was trained for the Unitarian ministry.

A NEW CLASSIFICATION. — The Rev. Professor Swing, who is likely to join the Unitarian Church of America, perplexes his former brethren. They have not been able to classify him. The *Louisville Commercial* says he is now classified by a brother clergyman as "simply a pantheistic Arian of the Eutychian type, who does not preach the Apangasmal brilliance of eternal glory." We had no idea that he was half so bad.

TO PARENTS, TEACHERS, AND MINISTERS. —For several years I have felt the need of a book of first principles of religion and morality, written chiefly for the young and for teachers of the young; explaining in a simple but systematic manner the rational, elevating, and healthy views generally entertained by Unitarians. In the absence of such a book, I have prepared a course of lectures, taking up the subject as a whole, hoping to do something towards supplying to others what I have so greatly needed myself. The lectures are twenty in number. The subjects: God—The Holy Spirit—Man—Immortality—Religion—Duty—Conscience—Sin—Righteousness—Punishment—Hell—Reward—Heaven—Salvation—Pardon—Faith—Revelation—The Bible—Jesus—The Church. The book is ready, and I shall be glad to send a specimen copy, post free, to any minister or teacher, on receipt of nine penny stamps. —JOHN PAGE HOPPS, Crosshill, Glasgow.

BISHOP COLENSO'S DECALOGUE OF DENIALS.—It may not be generally known why Colenso has been so repeatedly refused the opportunity of preaching in England. The following partly explains it:—(1) He denies the Bible is entirely the word of God. He says it contains God's word. (2) He denies the inborn sinfulness of children. (3) He denies the orthodox doctrine of atonement. (4) He denies that Christ was God and man. (5) He denies that prayer to Christ is a Christian duty. (6) He denies the doctrine of endless punishment. (7) He denies the ordinary doctrine of justification by faith. (8) He denies there is any special efficacy in Baptism or the Lord's supper. (9) He denies that the books of the Bible were written by those whose names are generally attached to them. (10) He denies the perfect wisdom or strict accuracy of all the forms and statements of the Prayer Book.

GOING TO ROME.—The Evangelical Alliance will probably hold its next session in Rome, Italy. Some are in favour of going to Jerusalem, and others think the meeting may begin at Rome and adjourn to Jerusalem. This will be a going to Rome anything but joyous to the Pope, a pilgrimage he will not bless, and have some difficulty to joke about.

UNITARIAN LECTURES.—At the present time the secular papers are giving lengthy reports of Unitarian lectures in different parts of England, and the *Times* and other London papers now not unfrequently have leaders on theological questions. All this is new, and points to a greater interest in ecclesiastical questions among the people.

BISHOP BUNYAN.—Dean Stanley keeps throwing well-pointed stones at clerical pretensions, and says, "there were many bishops eminent for their piety and learning in the seventeenth century; but few were more deserving of the name than he who by the popular voice of Bedfordshire was called Bishop Bunyan." This is pretty good for a Churchman. The Dean also said recently, for the same purpose of humbling the priesthood, that David, "a young volunteer, sneered at by the regular army, redeemed the honour of his country."

UNITARIAN GIPSIES.—In R. S. Morrison's account of his journey in Transylvania he says of our church at Kovena: "The Unitarian Church numbers here among others above one hundred gipsies. This latter race is no great honour to the cause. They generally declare themselves as belonging to the denomination which is in the majority, and they change their faith as often as their residence, or indeed oftener, for they are said to change it frequently in the same village so as not to belong to that church which is at the moment asking them for aid."

RELIGIOUS CRICKETERS.—The conflict between conformity to the Established Church and dissent reached in 1874 its climax at Sheffield. Two cricket clubs, so reports a paper, "which had been aforetime in friendly rivalry, were about to have another contest, when the ecclesiastical element interposed, and persuaded a majority that it would be a heinous offence for them to have aught to do with the other club, because it was in some way, not apparent to persons at a distance, identified with nonconformity. The disciples of St. Michael, in obedience to their clerical director, made a rule that they would not play with "any dissenting club," or one connected with any chapel," and so backed out of their previous friendly engagement."

TO UNITARIAN MINISTERS.—An orthodox paper regards the preaching among us as "mild doses of a cold, external morality, or transcendental stuff such as a heathen would reject with scorn."

AN EXCHANGE.—While a few noblemen like the Marquis of Ripon and a few priests in England have been joining the Roman Church, a great many Italian working men are now becoming Protestants.

ABANDONING CHRISTIANITY. — In the *Unitarian Review*, Dr. Rufus Ellis says very truly:—"In abandoning Christianity not without stir, there are those who are abandoning what they know less about than almost anything else."

NEW UNITARIAN CHAPELS.—In the year 1875 new buildings will probably be opened for Unitarian worship at Monton, Nottingham, King's Lynn, East Dulwich, Sale, Stroud, Glasgow, West Bromwich, Glossop, and two in Belfast; eleven in all.

A HINT FOR LONDON UNITARIANS. — The Young Men's Christian Union (Unitarian) of Boston recently celebrated its twenty-third anniversary. The report states that there are upwards of 2000 members. The rooms are frequented by twelve hundred persons daily, and the managers are planning for the erection of a new building to cost about 225,000 dols., towards which some 140,000 dols. has been promised.

BABOO MOZOOMDAR ON ENGLAND.—He writes to a friend, on his voyage:—"Every day now is a march nearer home, but the farther I go away from you all the deeper my sense of your goodness, and the sharper my regret. Dear, brave, glorious England, the inspiration of truth and beauty she has given me will sweeten many a day of trouble and many a sleepless night of sorrow. And the friends I leave behind will people my memory with the never-fading images of all that is lovable and good."

DID GOD DIE?—We hope that Charles Kingsley is not so benighted as to believe that

> "God, the Mighty Maker, died
> For man, the creature's, sin,"

for in one of his "Westminster Sermons" he says: "Ah, my friends! in this case, as in all cases, rest and comfort for all doubts and fears is to be found in one and the same place—at the foot of the cross of Christ. If we believe that he who hung upon that cross is—as he is—the maker and ruler of the universe, the same from day to day, and forever," &c. &c. A simple-minded one who was our teacher on one occasion remarked if God were to die it does appear to me that all now sustained by God would go to utter ruin. This is nearer the truth than Canon Kingsley.

TITHES OF ALL WE POSSESS.

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLASS.

MR. SHERBURNE knitted his brows, gave a sigh, and leaned back in his chair. Mrs. Sherburne started from her knitting and her thoughts, and said in a rather anxious tone :

"What is it, Walter?"

"The same old story," said he. There was a peculiar discouragement in his voice. "Another deficiency, as I supposed there would be, although it is larger than I imagined."

"How much?"

"I made a good deal of allowance," said Mr. S., "in the summer because so many people were away and the collections small. And now it is worse than then."

Mrs. Sherburne had been thinking before her husband spoke of what she would do this spring. She was tired of the green and gold in the library, so she would have a pretty drab carpet with a blue border, chairs to match, the edges relieved with blue gimp, blue and pearl damask. How lovely the room would look!

"It's too bad," she said as a blue and silvery haze floated through her brain.

"I am willing and glad," said he, "to contribute my share, always; but it is putting your hand in your pocket continually. Expenses must be lowered somehow."

"There must be something wrong about the giving," said Mrs. Sherburne, thoughtfully. "It seems as if we were giving all the time. The congregation is small, to be sure, and it comes harder upon those who can afford to give——"

"All can contribute something. I mean to have a good talk at the next meeting."

"I suppose," said Mrs. Sherburne, "we give away a tenth, at least."

"Oh, more than that," returned Mr. Sherburne. "And if every one did——"

Mrs. Sherburne rose, and opened a drawer in her dainty writing desk, taking therefrom an account book.

"Walter," she said, with a smile, "just to be certain, let us count up our charities for the last year. Your salary was—how much?"

Some moments of silent calculation elasped. The Sherburnes were quite methodical in their habits, and always kept an account of expenses.

Mr. Sherburne laughed. "I would not have believed it," he declared good naturedly, and yet a little annoyed. "So we owe enough to make up the deficiency. And yet it seems as if we had given continually the past year."

"We have not given it all to the church," said Mrs. Sherburne. There has been some private charities. But you know we resolved when we were married to devote one-tenth of our income to the good work."

"And I have never regretted it, and though I am not rich, I feel that I have been prospered abundantly."

"There are in our congregation at least five men who have an income as large as you," said Mrs. S.

"The Thompsons and the Wests are much richer. I have no real estate besides this house," he replied.

Here a thought apparently struck Mrs. Sherburne, which threw a new light on the duty of giving. She said, "I had occasion to go to the laundry this afternoon while Mrs. Briggs was ironing. She asked me for some old clothes for a poor woman whose husband had died suddenly, and we had a little talk about giving. Mrs. Briggs said she had always considered it a sacred duty to lay by one-tenth of all she earned, which she did every Saturday night. That must be a great sacrifice to her, although it is a great pleasure as well. Her whole heart is in the cause. And the Apostolic injunction was 'to lay by as we were prospered.' God has blessed us in every respect—in health, prosperity, happiness, and our two lovely children. Surely we can do this for the sake of Him who died for us, to teach us to make a sacrifice. Even if it is for a poor struggling Church, it is for His sake as well."

"A very good sermon, my dear," said Mr. Sherburne. "I am almost sorry you can not come to the meeting to-morrow night and explain the matter in this straightforward way. Why, if we Church members, we Christian men and women, gave one tenth even, which surely is not so wonderful a sum,

there would be no want in our Churches. We should not have to preach begging sermons, and there would be a surplus in the treasury for the calls of our needy brethren. And if such a woman as Mrs. Briggs, with a hopeless invalid son, can do it, surely we more fortunate people ought."

"And we surely mean to try," she said with a sweet smile, her face still flushed and her eyes brightly earnest.

"I'll never complain again until I have looked over my accounts," said Mr. Sherburne. "I am afraid our charities appear much larger to our partial eyes than they really are.

Melrose was a pretty city suburb. The residents had found it rather inconvenient to go down to town two or three times on a Sunday. By degrees two or three chapels had been built. Mr. Sherburne and several of his brethren had resolved theirs should be free. Subscriptions paid monthly or quarterly, and collections at the principal services, were the chief dependence. For two years there had been considerable enthusiasm, but now it was the old story. "You are always begging," one member after another would say; and Mr. Sherburne being treasurer, sometimes found his task hard and ungracious.

But he went to the meeting the next evening with a light heart, and a cheque. The pastor's stipend was due, the last quarter to the sexton, the insurance, part of an unpaid coal bill, and several small odds and ends.

The brethren glanced at each other in dismay.

"There must be some unpaid subscriptions," said one.

"The collections have fallen off a good deal," said another.

"It seems as if we were making special efforts all the time," said Mr. West in a rather dissatisfied tone.

Mr. Sherburne rose in his grave, quiet fashion.

"Brethren," he begun, "I have a few words to say on the subject. We resolved long ago that since the Jews gave a tenth of their substance toward religious purposes, we as Christians could do no less on principle. Even this to my mind does not cover the whole ground. It seldom compels us to cast into the Lord's treasury all that we have. Mrs. Sherburne and I were quite sure that we had kept our pledge the past year, but come to look over our accounts we were surprised to find quite a deficit on our side. I am very happy to make an offering of this amount to-night, which more than covers all our indebtedness. And I resolved never to complain of giving largely again until I have given more than a tenth of my income. Some of our poorest members do this, and I for one will not be shamed by the widow's two mites."

Then he begun to do up the separate parcels in envelopes and address them. There was a hush of silence in the room.

"Brother Sherburne, I expected to help to make up the deficiency," said Mr. West. "We must not allow you all the generosity."

"Mine is a just debt," replied Mr. Sherburne. "I hardly call it generosity until we give more than we can afford, and feel the pinch somewhere."

"You can add another twenty to my yearly subscription," exclaimed Mr. West.

"And to mine," said Mr. Landor. "I confess that I have not come up to the Scriptural injunction in giving. It has sometimes seemed a hardship to me to be importuned for one thing and another, yet I have been prospered year after year. I have hardly thought of myself as a steward of the Lord."

The ground being once broken, the brethren began to compare notes. They could not help but see that with an average of much less than one tenth they would be in a very prosperous condition. It was a personal question with them, and it was not necessary to gauge their benevolence by what brother Smith or brother Brown did. They parted with a warm and heartfelt shake of the hand, each resolved to do a little better in the future.

The Church at Melrose prospered abundantly. One and another wondered what could be the secret of its success. They gave to the missionary societies, to their poorer brethren; little debts were wiped out, and salaries paid

promptly. Yet the congregation was scarcely above the average of ordinary Churches in pretty country towns, not to be called a poor Church, but many with as available resources fall into a languishing state. The pastor is disheartened, the brethren are always importuning.

Is it right? If we felt the matter as obligatory upon us as the Jews did, would the cause drag wearily? If we laid by as we prospered, thinking of our Lord and Master first, would it seem a heavy burthen to us, and grievous to be borne! Ah, this fund, this tenth, would be the most precious part of our earning, the most joyous of all our gifts. We should not lay it grudgingly upon the altar and glance at it with longing eyes that strangely enough magnify it to twice the amount. For, "the Lord loveth the cheerful giver."

THE SEVEN LAWS OF TEACHING.

It is now of the utmost importance to all teachers to think over carefully some of the suggestions made by eminent tutors, that they may succeed in their laudable work. The Sunday-school teacher, as well as others, will be benefited by remembering Dr. Gregory's fundamental principles.

1. Know thoroughly and familiarly whatever you would teach.

2. Gain and keep the attention of your pupils, and excite their interest in the subject.

3. Use language which your pupils fully understand, and clearly explain every new word required.

4. Begin with the *known*, and proceed to the unknown by easy and natural steps.

5. Excite the self-activities of the pupils, and lead them to discover the truth for themselves.

6. Require pupils to re-state fully and correctly, in their own language and with their own proofs and illustrations, the truth taught them.

7. Review, review, review—carefully, thoroughly, repeatedly—with fresh consideration and thought.

OUR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

A HOPE AND SOMETHING MORE.

The next great step in our Sunday-schools is to be in the direction of normal classes, for the better training and equipment of teachers. That step has been taken in our system of secular schools. There is no good reason why our Bible schools should in this respect lag behind. The anxiety lest the Sunday-school should lose sight of its chief aim, religion, and personal growth in character, is proper. The fear lest the head may be addressed and the heart neglected is not wholly unreasonable. But it is unreasonable to suppose that the heart can be touched without awakening the intellect. The fact is, a well trained intellect is an immense help to the conscience. The cultivated faculty of seeing things as they are, of remembering things accurately, a well disciplined skill in referring facts to principles, effects to their causes, will also aid the moral sense in its judgments. The most discouraging aspect of the present Sunday-school system is the too prevailing neglect on the part of classes to "get" the lessons, and the careless and unskilful way in which they are often slurred over. This is positively as well as negatively bad. Any work shammily done is bad, and inflicts harm upon the character of the person who does it. *Faithfulness* should be a prime article in one's practical creed. The habit of learning each week the lesson of the week would be a noble part of one's religious training. Training and learning must go together. Is it possible to bring about a reformation in our Sunday-schools in this respect? We firmly believe it is. Not of course at a leap, or by a spasm. But it can be done. The dawning *hope* that it can be, is in itself a pledge of success. It will come to pass through the more faithful and more skilful work of the teachers. It is not a change of teachers that is needed. The finest culture and character in the churches is already in the Sunday-schools. But the simple and transcendently cheerful fact is this, that good teachers, under the influence of suitable training, can be made, or rather

make themselves, into better teachers. And with better teaching there will be better learning. To be sure one cannot compel a horse to drink, but go out in any pasture and one will readily see how well-trodden are all the paths that lead to the spot where the freshest water is to be had. Normal classes, teachers' meetings, town institutes, country institutes, conferences, great and small, let them have free course, the resultant of them will yet be a vastly better trained corps of teachers, and millions of scholars actually *learning* the lessons.

THE TRANSIT OF VENUS.

A CURIOUS STORY.

THE first transit of Venus ever recorded was predicted by a boy, and was observed by that boy just as he reached the age of manhood. His name was Jeremiah Horrox. We have a somewhat wonderful story to tell you about this boy.

He lived in an obscure village near Liverpool. He was a lover of books of science, and before he reached the age of eighteen he had mastered the astronomical knowledge of the day. He studied the problems of Kepler, and he made the discovery that the tables of Kepler indicated the near approach of the transit of Venus across the sun's centre. This was about the year 1635.

Often on midsummer nights the boy Horrox might have been seen in the fields watching the planet Venus. The desire sprung up within him to see the transit of the beautiful planet across the disc of the sun, for it was a sight that no eye had ever seen, and one that would tend to solve some of the greatest problems ever presented to the mind of an astronomer. So the boy began to examine the astronomical tables of Kepler, and by their aid endeavoured to demonstrate at what time the next transit would occur. He found an error in the tables, and then he, being the first of all astronomers to make the precise calculation, discovered the exact date when the next transit would take place.

He told his secret to one intimate friend, a boy who like himself loved science. The young astronomer then awaited the event which he had predicted for a number of years, never seeing the loved planet in the shaded evening sky without dreaming of the day when the transit should fulfil the beautiful vision he carried continually in his mind.

The memorable year came at last—1639. The predicted day of the transit came, too, at the end of the year. It was Sunday. It found Horrox, the boy astronomer, now just past twenty years of age, intently watching a sheet of paper in a private room, on which lay the sun's reflected image. Over this reflection of the sun's disc on the paper he expected, moment by moment, to see the planet pass like a moving spot or a shadow.

Suddenly the church bells rang. He was a very religious youth, and was accustomed to heed the church bells as a call from heaven. The paper still was spotless; no shadow broke the outer edge of the sun's luminous circle.

Still the church bells rang. Should he go? A cloud might hide the sun before his return, and the expected disclosure be lost for a century.

But Horrox said to himself: "I must not neglect the worship of the Creator to see the wonderful things the Creator has made."

So he left the reflected image of the sun on the paper and went to the sanctuary.

When he returned from the service, he hurried to the room. The sun was still shining, and there, like a shadow on the bright circle on the paper, was the image of the planet Venus! It crept slowly along the bright centre, like the finger of the Invisible. Then the boy astronomer knew that the great problems of astronomy were correct, and the thought filled his pure heart with religious joy.

Horrox died at the age of twenty-two. Nearly one hundred and thirty years afterwards Venus was again seen crossing the sun. The whole astronomical world was then interested in the event, and expeditions of observation were fitted out by the principal European governments. It was observed

in America by David Rittenhouse, who fainted when he saw the vision.—*St. Nicholas Magazine.*

IMMORTALITY.

By Mrs. L. J. K. Gifford.

I feel, I will not say I know,
That death to life is not the end;
But love its arguments doth lend,
And life's eternal fact foreshow.

And though the fact I may not prove
By science figured to the eye,
I bear within me consciously
A proof which science may not move.

This highest faith I would not base
On what I am or what I've done;
For only in this life begun,
Its possibilities I trace.

Not what I've done, but fain would do,
Not what I am, but strive to be,
Not through my deed this fact I see,
But through my power to work anew.

And when from one the doubt I heard—
"This earth-life is the spirit's goal,"
The tones fell heavy on my soul,
And all my being shrank the word.

"What!" I exclaimed, "hast thou no sense
Of worth that's possible to thee—
Of power to do and power to be,
Which argument is faith's defence?"

Hast thou no moral purpose, sure,
That makes its claim imperiously
Of deep necessity *to be*—
That scorns annihilation's power?

No strength of spirit-will to brave
That death from weakness which is sin,
Which seeks the mastery within,
And grapples with the power to save?

Have love and truth and duty high
(Foreseen if not fulfilled by thee)
Ne'er touched my heart with light to see
What learning's logic passeth by?

If moral purpose, truth and love
Are not the soul's strong argument,
No art of logic then is lent
This principle of life to prove.

Love proves it not alone for me:
For what to me is power to love!
The heart's loud cry for life above
Is life, dear friend, for me and thee.

The heart's pure love for what is pure
Is life beyond the life of earth;
A worth that loves a kindred worth,
This is the Life, eternal, sure.

KEEPING THE TONGUE.

Keep it from frivolity. There is so much call for the wise use of God-given speech that it is a great pity and a great evil when its high powers for good are made empty and vain. Frivolous speech will react on character. One who habitually uses lightness in conversation will tend to become empty in character, incapable of those deeper motives and holier aspirations that mark the good man.

Keep it from unkindness. Words are sometimes wounds. Not very deep wounds always, and yet they irritate. Speech is unkind sometimes when there is no unkindness in the heart; so much the worse that needless wounds are inflicted; so much the worse that unintentionally pain is caused. How many heartaches, how much bitterness, how many estrangements, how much deep and utter misery, has unkind speech caused.

Keep it from falsehood. It is so easy to give a false colouring, to so make a statement that it may convey a meaning different from the truth, while yet there is an appearance of truth, that we need to be on our guard. Truth is an essential in the dealings of man with man. Without it society goes down. There are very many who would shrink from telling a lie, who yet suffer themselves in such inaccurate or exaggerated or one-sided statements that they really come under the condemnation of those whose "lying lips are an abomination to the Lord."

Keep it from slander. The good reputation of others should be dear to us. It is a cause of sorrow in the whole community when a man's good name is aspersed. Sins should not be suffered to go unrebuked; but it should be in accordance with the Scripture method: "Go and tell him his fault betwixt thee and him alone." And it should be borne in mind that what is too often considered as merely harmless gossip runs dangerously near, if it does not pass, the confines of slander. A reputation is too sacred to be made a plaything of, even if the intent be not malicious.

THE BEAUTY OF CHRIST'S CHARACTER.

It was intense feeling of the weakness and sin of man, and intense joy in his Father's power to redeem, which produced the story of the "Prodigal Son," where every word is on fire with tender passion. See how it comes home, even now, to men; see how its profound humanity has made it universal!

"Come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." How that goes home to the deepest want of the race; how deep the passion which generalised that want into a single sentence; how intense, yet how pathetic—pathetic because intense—the expression of it; how noble the temperance which stayed at the single sentence and felt that it was enough.

And if you seek for the silent passion of action, we find it in many forms in his life. They speak of intensity of feeling at once realising itself, from the driven flight into the wilderness to the vital rush of his inward glory into the transfigured expression of his form upon the side of Hermon; from the moment when he stood on the great stairs of the Temple, crying, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink," to the hour when he wept over the guilt and ruin of his nation; from the awfulness of the supreme agony in the garden to the last cry of triumph for a world redeemed, which rose out of the abyss of death upon the cross. In all it was passion in its noblest forms and in the intensest expression. It is a beauty of character which passes into and assumes the diadem of sublimity.

All this gives the impression of a nature inspired by a stream of ever-flowing energy—of a nature all whose powers were in vital action. It is this easy, natural activity, this instantaneousness in the marriage of the thought to the act, which is another element of beauty, for it suggests, not only passion, but the harmony of passions and absolute healthiness of soul. In the midst of a world which gives a false glory to violent passions and likes to dwell on morbid passion in its literature, it is delightful to turn to the perfectly active yet perfectly healthy soul of Christ; its intensity of feeling subdued to do his work, so that he could both act and speak to the point at once.

Again and again in the gospel story we are made to feel this promptitude and keenness of Christ.

The right thing is always done at the right time, not a moment too late or too early. We are conscious of the fire of enthusiasm, but we never find hurry; there is no divergence from the plan of life under unregulated impulse; the act is never overstrained.

The right thing also is said at the right time, and said with exquisite knowledge of the less or more which might have spoiled its influence. There is no irritating repetition of reproof; one sharp, stern phrase is spoken and no more: "Get thee behind me, adversary," "Ye know not what spirit ye are of"—and then silence.

The same may be said of his praise. There is no flattery; the central point worthy of praise in the character, often a quite unexpected point, is seized on at once and brought into prominence. "Behold an Israelite, indeed, in whom is no guile;" "I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel;" "She loved much;" in all, the one clear sentence which revealed the man to himself, and which will remain, because of its absolute fitness, as his central attribute in our memory.

This is the beauty of energy, the child of passion, in a nature perfectly at harmony through the exercise of temperance.

But Christ has been accused of intemperance, especially in his severe treatment of the Pharisees. If this be true, perfect beauty of character is gone, for temperance, inasmuch as it keeps all the powers of the soul from extravagance, "is the girdle of beauty." But I have never been impressed with the justice of this objection. I can conceive nothing more worthy of indignation than Pharisaism. In all its forms it is hateful; and not only Christ, but every teacher, Pagan or Christian, in proportion as he loved truth, mercy, and righteousness, has denounced it as

the worst of evils. The more true, and pure, and human a man was, the more indignation would he feel against it; and it was because Christ was truer, purer and more human than others that he spoke more strongly than others.

But were his expressions used in anger, rather than in indignation? If so, however deserved, they were intemperate. They do not wear that aspect. In anger reason has no time to operate; words rush almost unwittingly to the lips. Hence, they are incoherent; they are unjust; they want the mark of deliberate, choice; they run on in unmeaning declamation; they do not hit the point; they do not sting. But indignation, being a noble and divine quality, is led by reason and is the servant of justice. It waits before it speaks. Its denunciation is calm, deliberate and full; the words are chosen so as to hit the point and the evil hard, and in the centre; they are weighed so as to be scrupulously just. They bear the stamp of thought, and they do their work, making the heart on which they fall writhe with shame and pain. A certain amount of fine irony often goes with this indignation, for there is calm at its root, and irony is the child, in such matters, of indignation and calm.

Now Christ's words to the Pharisees have all the marks of indignation and none of the marks of anger. I cannot conceive beauty of character without indignation at evil. Purity implies it, and indignation, by its very essence, is restrained to strict justice, laying on its scourge exactly with the requisite severity and in the requisite place. There was passion in the words of Christ, but it was divine passion, under the restraint of law. It did not sin against temperance.

Passion and energy, limited by temperance, imply repose of character. As we cannot attrib te repose to that which has not the capability of energy, so that energy is not noble energy, nor is it directed by temperance in the midst of its passion, unless it be capable of profound calm. I will even go further, and say that all noble moral energy roots itself in moral calm. Now, as in all art, so also in all human character, we demand, as in one the appearance, so also in the other the reality of repose, as a primary element of beauty. All restlessness—a very different thing from vital energy—is ugly, having no goal, being full of vain effort. Activity in repose, calm in the heart of passion, these are of the essence of beauty.

And in him in whom we have found the King in his beauty this peacefulness was profound. His activity grew out of his deep quietude of trust in his Father's will. It mattered little to him that the turbulence of parties surrounded him and the wild mob of Jerusalem cried for his death. He passed on in the calm of one to whom duty was all, to finish the work given him to do; content quietly to live or quietly to die, unalarmed and unimpatient, for his Father's law was his law, and his life and death were hidden in the stillness of God's will; cons stent in self-rule, because he had escaped from self into union with the perfect good; satisfied to suffer, for he reposed upon the promise and believed in the love of his Father. This is the final touch of beauty, which gathers into itself and harmonises all the others; and hence no words are so beautiful as those in which, having perfect rest himself, he bestows it as his dying legacy on men: "Peace I leave with you."

Let us not part with this supreme conception in our hearts. In the midst of the fevered activity and unrestrained passion of our life in this great city, seek for a centre of calm. Find it where Christ found it, in humble trust in a Father's love; find it in the calm which comes of duty accepted as the law of life, duty to your heavenly Father, duty to your brother-men. Find it in resolute obedience; so that the spirit of that solemn inscription over the dead at Thermopylæ may be true of you: "Stranger, tell the Lacedæmonians that we lie here in obedience to their orders." Find it by realising in yourself, through union with Christ's spirit and Christ's life, that deep calm of his which translated noble passions into noble energy, and moved his energy forwards within the temperate sphere of law. So will you see and reflect in character the King in his beauty.—*Rev. Stopford A. Brooke.*

MOVE TO THE FRONT.

A WORD TO UNITARIANS.

THIS is the command that ought at the beginning of 1875 to be passed along our whole denominational line. The present is not the time to be in ambush awaiting a better opportunity for spreading our views; the opportunity is come. The opponents of pure Christianity, and all who have been hugging their man made creeds to their hearts, are wavering. Their ranks are broken, the spirit of the age is against them, their leaders advise a change of base, and the great mass of the people are asking earnestly, "What is religious truth?" Let the trumpet call to duty in our Church everywhere be distinct and clear. Let the Unitarian banner be hoisted high. Lectures expository of the Unitarian views ought to be given and repeated; and now let a spade be called a spade. Let there be no misleading of the people with unmeaning names. Unitarians must move to the front, and speak distinctly about *Unitarian Christianity.* Conferences on theological doctrines may now be successfully held. Books and tracts can be had for the asking, which plainly and unblushingly set forth the Unitarian doctrines. Ministers must be encouraged by their people to do a little mission work in hitherto neglected places, small towns and villages, which have never yet been visited. We can promise the means for this will not be wanting. And ministers can speak to their people to do as other Churches do—go and help to establish Unitarian worship in some adjacent place, so that the old, and persons with families may be able to attend. Our apathy and negligence have been our disgrace. Let this be so no longer. We have laymen who can conduct a religious service as well as the laymen of the other Churches. Ministers ought now to encourage them to do so. The profession is not a caste. There are waste places that can be cultivated. Go forth, and a golden harvest will crown your labours. There are thousands of thoughtful men and women waiting a higher interpretation of the Christian religion; they ought to have our soul-sufficing views presented to them. If our whole Church would warm itself up with energy, be enkindled with new zeal, it would feel a blessedness and unity it has never felt before. May our light no longer be kept under a bushel. May the words of the Saviour, "*Go and preach,*" be now obeyed; or in military phrase we say, "Move to the front."

SOURCES OF HAPPINESS.

A MOTHER'S EXAMPLE.

THE first snow was falling, and Lottie and Louis were watching from the window with very happy eyes. The mother came and stood beside them, with an arm around each, and thought of another little girl and boy who, twenty years ago, used to watch the snow-flakes fall. Alas! the snows of a dozen winters had rested upon that brother's grave, and the snows of time had begun to fall on the sister's head.

But the mother's eye was bright, even when she thought of the early blessed dead. Hers was a happy home of love and temporal blessings. "She was not afraid of the snow for her household, for all her household were clothed in scarlet," that is, in warm, suitable garments.

Just then came creeping down the walk two little barefoot girls. One had a thin, old shawl thrown over her head and half-bared arms; the other drew her scant sleeves down as far as she could over her red, cold hands.

"Poor little things!" said mother; "I am glad they happened to pass just now, I want you to look at them well, from their poor, bare feet to their half covered heads. Then I think you will like to leave watching the snow for a while, and help me in some work I am going about."

"We are ready, now, mother," said Lottie, jumping down and stealing her hand into her mother's.

The three went up stairs to the cedar closet. Here most of the winter clothes were stored in the summer time.

"First we will look over this stocking bag," said mother.

"Looking over" was always a delightful process with the children. Now mother laid out various little crimson-topped socks and out-grown stockings, and put them into the large clothes basket in the middle of the floor. Next a box of flannel garments were looked over, and two or three sets of last year's robes were placed with the stockings.

"How you children do grow!" said mother, with a glad smile, as she looked at her chubby pets.

All the morning they spent among the drawers and boxes and presses, until the big basket was heaping full. Mother looked at the pile with great satisfaction.

"Now I mean to turn every article there to the very best account I can."

"Are you going to make a rag carpet, mother?" asked Lottie. "I should love to sew the rags for you. I helped Aunt Lucy once."

"No: better than that," said mother.

"Maybe she's going to sell them to the old China man, Lottie," said her little brother. "He brings beautiful things in his basket."

"Better than that, my dears. I am going to make myself and others happy."

The children looked at each other a little puzzled, but Lottie soon suggested:

"I think you are going to give them to the poor."

"That is just it, Lottie; and our dear Lord says that he will regard all such acts of kindness, be they ever so small, as done to him; and, more than that, he says, 'They shall in no wise lose their reward.' They are treasures laid up in heaven for us. We cannot take with us any of our property when we leave this world."

The basket of clothing was well studied over and assorted, and a great many widows' hearts were made to leap for joy at the sight of a parcel made up from it. Many shivering little forms were comforted by the warm garments, and many heartfelt prayers went up to God for the kind givers.

It is better than great stores of gold to have the prayers of the poor in our favour. They can procure for us what money could not buy—the blessing of God.

THE OLD FISHERMAN'S STORY.

A LITTLE bright-faced boy just put a match to the kindling-wood of the grate, and was watching the flame as it forced its way among the crackling coal, when, half in thought and half aloud, he said, "Who would think a little match would make so big a fire?"

"Ah, yes, my little man," said his father, "a little match, like other little things, may do great good or great harm. A good apostle once said, 'Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth.' And now, as our fire is burning, I will tell you a story about a little match, and the good it did.

"Far away down on the shore of the Bristol Channel stands a small fisherman's cabin. It is just far enough from the water to be out of the reach of the great waves that come rolling in from the Irish Channel; and near it is a creek, or little river, in which the fisherman used to shelter his boat. At the time of my story, the man happened to have left his little cabin and gone to Tenby. It was market day there, and as the weather was rough and wintry, he had stayed away from home. It was desolate and dreary about that little house on the cold December day of which I am speaking. A dull, leaden sky; a cold, keen blast, sweeping up clouds of sand along the shore; the moaning of the sea birds, and the regular beat of the waves upon the shore, formed the total of the sights and sounds on the coast that day.

"A strong wind had been blowing for three days, and all who thought of the sailor at sea, prayed to God to keep him from its dangers. A good brig had just made the entrance of the channel, and was beating up toward Bristol. She had a captain, mate and six sailors for her crew. Their voyage had been a pleasant one, and was now nearly over. They were thinking of their homes and friends, when the fierce storm came on. The rigging was stiff with ice, and it was hard to handle the ropes or manage the ship. The men did their duty, as all true English sailors will do; but in vain. The winds and the waves and the bitter cold were too strong for them, brave as they

were, and carried the poor brig steadily towards the shore. Soon they heard a sound terrible to seamen; it was the noise of the breakers; the captain called all hands about him, and raised his voice in prayer. He prayed for their safety, if God so willed it, that they might have strength to meet the fierce waves, and that, if they could not be saved from ship-wreck, they might be safe in the mercy of God.

"The brig soon struck, and as she lay with her side to the shore, the water for a little space was so calm that the small boat was safely launched, and every man seated in it. But, alas! before they could reach the shore, a great wave struck the little boat, and the poor men were cast into the boiling sea. Four of them, with the captain, reached the land, and, though scarcely able to move, dragged themselves forward to find shelter. They raised a shout when they came in sight of the little cabin; but alas! there was the creek between it and them. 'We must go through or die,' said the captain, and after a great struggle, in their tired state, they reached the other side; but the brave captain could go no further. 'Leave me, my men,' said he; 'get help for yourselves, and then come back, if you can.' The men gained the house, but were horrified to find it empty. One man, only, took heart as he looked at the fireplace and the wood near it. But, alas! there was neither flint nor steel to strike a light. A moment he stood in agony; but as he raised his head, he saw upon the rude mantle a small box marked 'matches.' With trembling haste he seized it, and found one single little match! Oh, how much depended upon that little match! Here were four sailors; a little way off lay their brave captain; all their lives depended, one might say, upon that single match. If it failed, all must die; for cold and hunger were fast doing their work upon the poor men. With a trembling hand and a silent prayer he drew the match; and as the little feeble flame broke out, 'Thank God!' burst from the men.

"They soon managed to make the wood catch fire; and, as the bright blaze shot up, the glare brought relief to the poor captain, who lay on the beach, too weak to crawl.

"The feeling that now he should be saved, helped to keep him alive. When the sailors came to where he lay, he was nearly gone; but they hurried him in, and gradually he revived.

"Remember how much good a thing that seems so insignificant as a match can do."

A VICAR ON UNITARIANISM.

A FEW weeks ago the Rev. J. Rodgers, M.A., Vicar of St. Thomas', Charterhouse, London, delivered a discourse on "The Gospel of Unitarianism;" a very suitable title. No word better characterises the Unitarian faith than the word Gospel, which means "glad tidings." Nor can Unitarianism be thought of as other than glad tidings, or good news to all people. It teaches we have all one heavenly Father; that God will have all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth. It emphasises the fact that all that power can do, and love can wish, and wisdom devise, will be done to save the whole world. We know that Mr. Rodgers cannot say this for his Trinitarian faith. His views are that all mankind are lost in the sin of Adam, and that none can ever be saved but by faith in the atoning blood of Christ; and so then all the human family from the time of Adam to the end of time, with a few exceptions, are to be in an endless hell for ever and for ever. We cannot call this good news. This is not worthy the name of glad tidings,—sad tidings, indeed, to all people, but a very few; and even the few who may be saved must lose all true love of humanity, if heaven can make them happy for ever. Mr. Rodgers said at the close of his discourse, "*Thank God I am not a Unitarian.*" We in our turn thank God that Unitarianism is at least good news, that it teaches God is good to all, and his mercies are over all his works. It believes God will not cast off for ever, and that Christ came to be the Saviour of the world. We thank Mr. Rodgers for the character he gave the Unitarians, that they are an intelligent and virtuous people. We thank

Mr. Rodgers also for speaking of us as a branch of the Christian Church. We thank him also for the word "*Gospel of Unitarianism*," for it is Gospel. It is the best news ever delivered to man, that God loves us all, and loves us always. He loves the good, and is kind to the evil and the unthankful. He has sent the good shepherd to gather the sheep to the fold, and while one is astray the shepherd will seek that lost one till it be found. Mr. Rodgers says he believes many things in religion he does not understand. We bless God that we believe a Gospel we do understand, and we rejoice to believe it, it makes us both happy and useful, the knowledge of God's goodness in Christ.

It may be objected that our views are too good to be true. We believe nothing is too good for God to do. We object to Mr. Rodgers' views, because they are too bad to be true. They cannot be true if God is love. They cannot be true if Christ is the image of God, for he was compassionate and pitiful to the sinner. If the Bible, in its plain and obvious sense, is to be believed, our views of God and Christ and salvation are true, and the views of Mr. Rodgers are utterly unnatural and false. The texts on which he places reliance we think he misunderstands. He puts on them a meaning at variance with the spirit of the Bible, and ten thousand other texts. The task of examining his proofs we leave for a future article.

STORIES OF ST. JOHN FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

BY DEAN STANLEY.

THERE is a beautiful picture which some one has drawn, of the old man sitting on a rock quite alone, and looking up into heaven, and seeing there his former companions, still busying themselves in the other world, doing good and heavenly things, as we should hope all on earth would endeavour to do. It was whilst St. John was residing at Ephesus that various stories were told of him which we do not find in the Bible. We cannot be certain that these stories are quite correct, therefore, but they accord with all that was known of St. John, and they agree with the letters and epistles which he wrote at that time, and from which I have taken the text of this sermon, "Little children love one another."

One of these stories is this: There came, one day, to Ephesus a sportsman, who had heard so much of this wise old man that he went out of his way to see him, and his surprise was great when he found St. John engaged gently stroking a partridge which he held in his hand. The sportsman could not help saying how surprised he was to see so great a man employed on anything so small. Then St. John said: "What have you in your hand?" "A bow," replied the sportsman. St. John asked: "Why is it not bent?" The sportsman replied: "Because, if always bent, it would lose its strength." "That is just the reason," said St. John, "why I play with the partridge. It is that my mind may be kept strong by not being always at work." What do we learn from this story, my dear children? We learn from it that St. John, and great and good men like him, are glad now and then to see you at play, and to play with you; that they are glad to see you happy, and wish to be little children again with you, because they know that to feel so will now and then help them afterwards to work better. We learn from this story that kindness to dumb animals is a thing that God expects of us. There was an aged lady, very excellent, wise and wonderfully learned, who lived to be very nearly as old as St. John was when he died; she was the famous Mary Somerville, who died last year, in her ninety-second year. A very short time before her death she said: "I hope that the time may come when children shall be taught that mercy to birds and beasts is a part of religion." Yes, it ought to be a part of our religion, and I trust that we shall make it so. Play, too, with your companions, like St. John, remembering that all play and all holidays are given by God, like the unbending of the bow in the story, to help them to work better for the future.

Another story was this: There was

a young man who had grown up under St. John's care in doing what was right, and St. John was very fond of him. After a time St. John parted with him, and placed him under the charge of the bishop, or chief pastor, of Ephesus, and told him on no account to let this young man go astray. At last the young man fell into bad company, and joined a band of robbers. When St. John heard of this he set off to the hills, and he was about to be attacked by the robbers, when their leader, who was the young man in question, recognising his beloved old master, burst into tears, and fell at his feet. All his better feelings were aroused, so that instead of carrying off St. John, as was intended, St. John brought him back to good ways, and he never went astray again. What do we learn from this? Is it not something like that which St. John himself said in the chapter which you have just heard? He had taught this young man, when a child, to love and know the Good Father of all. He had taught him as a young man to overcome the wicked one, that is, to get the better of the evil that is even in the best things. And when the young man went astray St. John never lost trust in him. He went after him at the peril of his own life, and succeeded in bringing him to the right way of life. This story is full of instruction to us all. It brings back to us the words of St. John "Little children, keep yourselves from idols." Although there are no idols like those that the ancients worshipped, yet there are idols still. If a little brother or sister will insist on having a toy for itself, and will let no other child play with it, that is an idol. If any boy or girl neglects his or her lessons, and devotes too much of its time and affection to games, those are idols. Children, boys and young men, keep yourselves from all such idols. Remember that there is no greater pleasure you can give to your parents and teachers than to continue in the good thoughts and words they, with St. John, have taught you. Remember that there is no greater pain to them than to think that you have forgotten what they taught you, that you have ceased to care for them, and that you have gone off into evil ways. Oh! how happy for you—how happy for them—if, when you have gone astray or done anything wrong, you can come like that young man and acknowledge your faults! Be truthful in all things, acknowledge your faults; do not keep them back from your parents or friends; never tell a lie to conceal what you have done wrong; have no tricks or schemes to make others think of you better than you are; tell the truth and shame the devil.

There is another story told of St. John: When he was very old indeed, when he was almost 100 years of age, he used to be carried into the market-place, and the people, old and young, used to gather round him to hear the farewell words of their venerable teacher whom they loved so much. He would say to them, "Little children, love one another." They would ask for something else, and he would say again, "Little children, love one another." Yet they would still ask for something more, and his reply every time was, "Little children, love one another." At last they said, "Why do you always say this, and nothing else?" He said: "Because this is the best thing I have to say. If you really love one another, that is all that I have to tell you." What do we learn from this? We learn that the thing which St. John was most anxious to teach was love to one another. Then the dean gave his young hearers some kindly and excellent advice as to how they should conduct themselves toward each other, if they wish to realise and practice the life spent by St. John, and which he had so earnestly recommended to all, and concluded in these words: "This is the life which St. John wished to see. This is the love which Jesus Christ wished to see in all his apostles, old and young. Keep it on as years advance. Always bear in mind that the first thing to be done is to try to help and befriend some one else. That will make you generous and just. That will make you active and courageous. That will make you feel how wicked it is to do wrong. That will help you to do good to all men.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

TRUE PHILOSOPHY.—Trouble not yourself with troubles till trouble troubles you.

MAHOMMEDANISM. — Mahommedanism has been defined as "that blessed religion which makes people wash themselves."

AS UNTO THE LORD.—"When you put your penny in the box at Sunday-school," said one little girl to another, "do you give it *as though you put it in Jesus' hand?*" The question suggests precisely the right mode of giving.

IMMORTALITY.—Sweep away the doctrine of immortality by a belief in annihilation, or destroy it by showing that there is no evidence of its truth, and you might as well expect agriculture and horticulture to flourish on earth after the sky had been overhung with sackcloth, as to hope that life will go on with all its sweetness and amenities.—*Anon.*

A HINT ON WARMING CHURCHES.—A minister of West Anstruther appealed to Sir Robert Anstruther, who was an extensive heritor in that parish, to assist in putting a stove in the church, which he said the congregation found very cold. "Cauld, sir! cauld!" Sir Robert exclaimed; "then warm them with your doctrine, sir. John Knox never asked for a stove in his kirk."

A DANGEROUS PRACTICE.—A minister was once preaching about heaven, and, to show the absurdity of Swedenborg's ideas, drew a graphic picture of the Swedenborgian heaven, with its beautiful fields, fine horses, cows and pretty women, when, in the midst of his glowing description, one of the sisters went into raptures, and shouted, "Glory, glory, glory!" This so disconcerted the preacher that he paused, when an elder cried out to the shouter: "Hold on there, sister! you're shouting over the wrong heaven!"—

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.—The Rev. J. F. W. Ware, in his lecture on "The Conduct of Life," speaking of marriage said: "A young man in making his choice should seek a woman lovable for all things, and not a woman to be a figure-head for an establishment. Young men often make it an excuse for not marrying that they can not bear the expense, and this matter of extravagance is responsible for the modern institution of bachelor life, than which there is nothing more prophetic of death to manly virtues and rugged character. A man had better make his will and cut his throat at once than marry a giddy, fashionable fool; but if he wants a woman to stand by him as a sharer alike of his joys and troubles, then is the plea of expense groundless."

HUXLEY ON COMTE.—The religious system constructed by Auguste Comte is described by Prof. Huxley as "Catholicism with the Christianity left out."

AGAINST FRETTING.—John Wesley was never low-spirited or fretful, and could not endure the society of people who were so. "I dare no more fret," said he, "than to curse and swear."

SLEEPING IN CHURCHES.—A somewhat drowsy hearer was one day advised by his pastor to put a little snuff in his pocket and take a little when he felt sleepy in church. The hearer thought it would be better if his pastor could put a little snuff in his sermon.

A NEW USE OF THE BIBLE.—There is a dealer in Bangor, not remarkable for his piety, who keeps the money he takes at his shop in a Bible. On being asked why he chose such a place of deposit, he replied that thieves never would think of looking there for money, and the people who read the Bible from choice would not steal.

A WINTER'S HINT.—We have no sympathy with the sluggard who imagines himself half frozen to death as soon as the cold weather sets in. Stir yourself, and keep your blood moving. Exercise is an excellent fire. There is something unmanly in the spirit which shrinks from the warfare by which we obtain the mastery over the elements. Energy and activity convert the cold weather into a luxury.

THE PRAYER FOR RAIN.—A worthy farmer, not a hundred miles from Lochgoilhead, was greatly exercised regarding the safety of his hay crop. The weather, though often threatening, favoured his efforts till he succeeded in getting it safely gathered in—being in this respect more fortunate than several of his neighbours. After seeing the last wisp of straw tied round his stacks, he exclaimed, with a self-satisfied air: "Noo, sin' I hae gotten my hay a' safe in, I think the world would be greatly the better o' a guid shower."

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